

AROUND THE FARM.

[FROM OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.]

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

BY MRS. AGNES E. MITCHELL.

When klinge, klangle, klinge,
We are coming home,
How sweet and clear, and fast and low,
The cows are coming home.
Like chimneys from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
Klinge, klangle, klinge,
Roaring, koang, kologie, klinge,
Way down the darkening dingle,
The cows are coming home.
(And old-time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights and many ways,
And happy joys and childhood tears,
When the cows come home.)

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home,
Malvine and Pearl and Flormen,
De Kamp, Red Rose and Gretchen Schell,
Queen of the Meadow and Queen Sue,
Across the fields I hear her "low-o."
And change her silver bell,
With faint, fair sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.
(And the sun goes down, the years,
And baby-joys and childish tears,
And when the cows come home.)

With ring, range, ringe,
With two's, and three's, and single,
The cows are coming home,
The sun goes down,
And the summer sun slips down;
And the maple in the hazel shade
Tries to hold the sun,
And the hills are plowing brown,
To ring, to ring, to ringe,
The cows come slowly home.
(The sweet sound of winter's psalm,
The sun goes down, the years,
And when the cows come home.)

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
The cows are coming home,
The sun goes down,
Caroline, Peachblow and Rose Phyllis,
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilles,
In the sun,
To link, to link, tollinkle-linkle,
Over banks with buttercups a-twinkie,
The sun goes down,
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And when the cows come home.)

With klinge, klangle, klinge,
With moo, and moo, and jingle,
And over there on Martin Hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whoo-poor-will;
And over the poplar Vensun shinies
And over the silent mull.
With ting-a-linge and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Gut the sun goes down, the years,
Of long-gone songs and flowers, and rain,
For old-time come back again
When the cows come home.)

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FRUIT CULTURE.

New Varieties of Pears.

BY J. W. TALBOT.

(Read at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society.)

When a work is completed we like to know how it was done. If only half done we certainly need to understand the process in order to finish it. This applies to the improvement and introduction of new varieties of pears. Van Mons of Belgium obtained and introduced several new and very valuable varieties of pears, but that he did it understandingly is doubted by many of our best thinkers and workers. "He built better than he knew." He adopted the theory that the seed of a good pear would produce an inferior fruit. That to improve our kinds we must plant the seeds of wild fruit and replace from them, and so on for several generations. He tried this, and really improved his fruit, and thought he had proved his theory correct, but he was mistaken, for he had overlooked one very important factor, which, without his knowledge, had really changed the result.

If he had planted his wild seeds isolated from all other pears, he would have found each succeeding generation precisely the same. But planting beside other and better pears, each succeeding generation was improved by cross-fertilization. "There was no mistake." When Francis Dana of Roxbury selected seeds from the best variety in his little garden, seeds that had already been crossed or hybridized only by the other choice varieties allowed to grow there, and from one lot of seeds obtained more choice than varieties than Van Mons did in his life time. It was a wise experiment. "There was no mistake."

When Francis Dana of Roxbury selected seeds from the best variety in his little garden, seeds that had already been crossed or hybridized only by the other choice varieties allowed to grow there, and from one lot of seeds obtained more choice than varieties than Van Mons did in his life time. It was a wise experiment. "There was no mistake."

It is true that the pears of Dana's were not yet ready to lay down their ears. New fields are to be investigated and new laurels won. Mr. Dana's first experiment is not yet completed. Just before he laid off his land, he caused the last of his first lot of seedlings to be taken up and put into the hand of Col. Wilder, who has since planted them and put out several very valuable kinds, and there may be others among these better than any I have written." And if the gentlemen here of the fruit committee with Colonel Wilder and Mr. Charles Downing, whose judgment everybody respects, had not made a definite mistake in this decision, the Seeds and Dana's Hovey will find a noisome competitor in the President Clark, and probably in the student, two more of Dana's seedlings. But while the remarkable success of Mr. Dana and Mr. Clapp has refuted Van Mons' theory, it should not be forgotten that the test of physiology on the subject is still in now almost universally admitted that good culture and favorable circumstances will some what improve the size and quality of natural fruit, yet these will not essentially change its peculiar characteristics.

It is equally true that wild fruit growing isolated does not change in size and quality in successive generations. The well-known laws and method of plant growth confirm this view. W. S. Clark, when president of our Agricultural College, in his invaluable essay, which Agassiz pronounced a revelation to physiologists which will rank our college among the scientific institutions of the world, gives a full account of his personal acquaintance with Prantl, Sachs, and all writers of note on the subject, calls attention to the fact that while all plants and trees are composed of an infinite number of cells, yet, from every one of these living cells, whether taken from the root, branch, leaf, bud, or of a natural tree,

CAN BE REPRODUCED A PERFECT TREE,

and that all the reproductive cells are precisely of the same kind. Indeed, the same position is that every tree, plant or formed or produced from a single cell. When one cell is formed, it immediately divides itself and forms two. These divide again, and so on till from that first cell a whole tree is formed of precisely the same matter as these little cells, which, like all other first-formed cells, in size, shape and function, still are of the same nature and tend to build up the tree, and afterward to propagate its kind by its own seed. No natural tree of its own accord ever changes its nature or its kind of fruit. When this process of cell division has gone on a tree, it is perfectly propagated and commences by another kind of cells called fruit cells, or rather fruit buds. When these have blossomed, in the blossoms is found still another class of cells, called male and female cells. The pollen of the blossom is composed of individual cells, which are all of the same kind, and which, after separating from the blossom, are carried to the germ or female cells, when the male soon disappears, and the female cell is found to contain an embryo plant in what we call a seed, soon to be surrounded by the pulp of the fruit. This is the common way of propagation, indeed, of all the new varieties just formed. If the pollen or male cell is of the same kind the embryo plant in the seed will be true to its kind; but if a male cell of another kind unite

with the female cell, the embryo plant in the seed or will be a hybrid or mixed cell, partaking of the nature of both kinds, but in itself will be a new and independent variety. It becomes a new embryo plant, and one from which not only a new plant is to be formed, but also a new variety, as tenacious of its kind and peculiarities as any natural plant.

IT CAN NEVER ESSENTIALLY CHANGE, except from the influence of some other plant, in the same way it was itself formed. We can now see whence our new varieties. When the germ or female cell in Mr. Dana's Seckel was united with a pollen or male cell from his White Hovey, the embryo cell was formed, and that cell was Dana's Hovey, and every particle of that kind of wood in the world came from that one cell. Again, when the germ cell of Mr. Dana's Seckel was united with the male cell from the Belle Lacerte, the embryo cell of the President Clark was formed, and the germ cell Mr. Dana's Seckel was united with the male cell from his White Hovey, the embryo cell was formed, and that cell was Dana's Hovey, and every particle of that kind of wood in the world came from that one cell. 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THE POET'S COLUMN.

THE LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

It was a thousand years ago,
And amidst the morn,
When by the Rhine's melodious flow
St. Valentine was born;

The boy was bold and free,
And robed her fair and fine,
To meet with the green grace
Of old St. Valentine.

For years he led a roving life—
A true Love Knight was he—
And oft he bore the tourney's strife
For his lady's sake.

But these were brave days then, I trow,
And blood was warm in wine,
But still the bold champion bled
Of old St. Valentine.

George of England paled before
The lustre of his lance;

He conquered on the Spanish shore,
And won the laurel wreath;

And damsels that lingered by
The heavy curtain vine

Saw St. Valentine.

He loved, and yet in love was free—
No maid his soul could sway—

It grieved him sorely to see
Which day the love died.

And when or dole or sorrow came
The boy would weep,

And felt within their hearts the flame
Of dear St. Valentine.

At last, ah, woe! he came to die,
And bitter tears were shed and sighs—

St. Valentine was dead.

Just before his heart grew cold
He laid his head upon the knee,

To weep the favor and the tee

Of old St. Valentine.

And though a thousand years have passed,
And many a star has gone,

Still does the brave saint's memory last,

And with his power goes on.

And fadless chapters yet,

To win the favor and the tee

Of old St. Valentine.

TRUST.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A picture memory brings to me;
I look beyond the years, and see
Myself upon my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and save again
A child from all of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My mother's chaste love I own.

Gray grown, but in a Father's sight
A son of strength and way's right.

To read His works and ways right.

How myself beneath His hand!

That pain itself was born planned

I trust, but cannot understand.

Fondly dream it needs must be

That as my mother did, wise,

She gave me birth in Ho-

Halt, and trust the end will prove

That here, there, below, above,

The chancing heads, the pale is love!

BETWEEN JOY AND SORROW.

BY PHILIP BOUCHE MARSTON.

Between joy and sorrow,
As 'twixt day and morrow,
As 'twixt the sun and moon,
And I heard, so saying,
My old grief sighing.

As 'twixt the east and west,
As 'twixt the north and south,

As 'twixt the living and the dead,

As 'twixt the good and bad,

As 'twixt the right and left,

As 'twixt the love and hate,

As 'twixt the joy and woe,

As 'twixt the life and death,

As 'twixt the good and ill,

As 'twixt the right and wrong,

As 'twixt the joy and sorrow.

KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

BY MRS. H. E. STOWE.

Knocking, knocking, who is there?
Who is there? It is a friend, a friend,
With a plump, strong, and kindly,
Never such was seen before.

A knock, a knock, a knock,

With the door hard to open,

With their dark and clinging tendrils,

Ever round the hinges twine.

Knocking, knocking, what still there?
What still there? It is a friend, a friend,
With a plump, strong, and kindly,
And beneath the crowded knight,

A NEW STORY.
A NEW STORY.
A NEW STORY.

In March.
In March.
In March.

A BOY HERO;
A BOY HERO;
A BOY HERO;

OR,
OR,
OR,

FIGHTING TO WIN.
FIGHTING TO WIN.
FIGHTING TO WIN.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS.
By EDWARD S. ELLIS.
By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

AUTHOR OF "LOST ON THE PACIFIC," "PERSEVERANCE PARKER," "THE YOUNG PIONEER, ETC."

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HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

The Medical Society of the State of New York has just issued a new code of ethics which is creating considerable discussion among physicians in and outside of Gotham. Among other things it forbids physicians to permit their opinions on medical and surgical questions to appear in the newspapers. It is easy, a physician thinks, to see that, in the case of General Garfield, Drs. Agnew and Hamilton would have been silenced by this new code, and yet the public had a right to accurate information, and, as he states: "In questions of public medicine, or of sanitary science, and in times of epidemic or contagious disease, the public is entitled to the best information that experts can furnish, and physicians cannot properly disregard this claim." It is not surprising that many leading physicians maintain that in this respect the code is too arbitrary. It is gratifying to notice that it breaks down the barriers hitherto existing and permits consultations between allopaths and homoeopathists. This is a concession which many other similar societies will not make, but as the code states: "Emergencies may occur in which all restrictions should, in the judgment of the practitioner, yield to the demands of humanity." The society has also placed itself on the record

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and state. Every notice of change of residence should give the town, county and state to which the paper is being sent. All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense. When postage stamps are sent they should be addressed simply. "Lock Drawer 2220, Boston, Mass." Sample copies are free.

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Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, FEB. 21, 1882.

A BOY HERO.

A large extra edition of "A BOY HERO," to begin March 21, will soon be printed. Copies will be furnished to regular club agents upon application by postal-card, and to any person who will distribute them and form a club for THE WEEKLY GLOBE. Any reader of this notice can easily form a club of five or ten in his neighborhood and secure a copy for himself (see first column this page). Circulate copies of THE WEEKLY GLOBE in your town and ask all your acquaintances to compare any regular issue with that of any other weekly newspaper. If they will carefully examine a sample copy and subscribe for one year they will become regular subscribers.

Senator Blair of New Hampshire, failing to secure the passage of a national prohibitory law, seems to have turned his attention to the elevating and ennobling practice of lobbying for a gigantic corporation with a view to capturing the little republic of Peru. With the downfall of Blaine the glittering scheme went to pieces, and Mr. Blair is found beneath the ruins. Gone to meet that other Christian statesman, Schuyler Colfax.

Two considerations must have influenced the President in his choice of John C. New to fill the office of assistant secretary of the treasury. Mr. New was treasurer of the United States under Grant's administration, and is therefore familiar with all the details of the department. In this respect he is probably the best man that could be selected. Mr. New is also a Stalwart and a strong supporter of the Arthur administration. He is a power in Indiana politics, and his position in the Treasury Department will give him a good chance to aid the ambitious aspirations of Grant, Arthur, Conkling & Co. to retain control not only of the party, but of the country. It was because of his ability to do this that he was induced to accept a department position instead of the Russian mission, which was offered to him. Mr. Arthur wants all his warm friends who are good political workers to remain in the United States for the present.

The "cow-boys" of Arizona appear to be still giving the inhabitants of that territory a great deal of trouble, and the President has seen fit to call the attention of Congress to the subject. All reports agree that there is a great deal of lawlessness in Arizona.

Governor Gosper says: "The people of Tombstone and Cochise counties in their mad career after money have grossly neglected local self-government, until the more lazy and lawless elements of society have undertaken to prey upon the more industrious and honorable classes for their subsistence and gains."

This is a rather startling statement, but it is without a precedent. The same scenes which are being enacted in Arizona today were common in California in 1850-51. Unless the people themselves co-operate to preserve order there can be no peace. It is very probable that the Arizonians will soon become tired of this chaotic state of affairs and form a vigilance committee. Then the lawless element would undoubtedly be suppressed.

If the President should refuse to accede to Mr. Blaine's request that the policy outlined in his circular letter inviting the independent governments of North and South America to a friendly convention for the settlement of all international disputes by arbitration, etc., he would find himself in a somewhat embarrassing position. Whatever may have been the secret history of this portion of Mr. Blaine's diplomacy, the government of the United States is responsible. The invitations have been extended, and, as the despatches show, many of them have been accepted. If General Arthur decides to recall these invitations and to reverse his policy, the other republics on the continent will feel offended. If he decides to have the convention, after the issuance of Mr. Frelinghuysen's letter to Mr. Trescot, he will be accused of entertaining a fear of Mr. Blaine. We shall watch with interest the President's course in this matter, and so will Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Robeson was again badly handled in Tuesday's trial on the resolution of inquiry into the circumstances under which American citizens are confined in British jails. We fear that the genial ex-secretary is not fitted for the leadership of a great party. Every time he has tried the role of leader he has ignominiously come to grief. After Mr. Robinson of Brooklyn had raked him fore and aft, Messrs. Randall and Cox opened their guns on him, and he retired from the encounter in a sadly demoralized condition. Mr. Robeson has been trying to convince the country that he was a great man and a statesman of some ability, but so far he has only succeeded in proving himself a corrupt politician, a blackguard in debate and an unfit man to direct the destinies of a party. Mr. Robeson ought to get into a dark corner and think it all out. He needs reorganizing, and the sooner the better it will be for his political future.

It is true that they are able to unsettle the value of stable articles and securities that have commanded themselves to the investing public by substantial earnings, but beyond that their power for mischief does not extend. Take, for instance, the speculation in wheat, cotton, etc. The larger portion of it is conducted on "futures." Millions of bushels of wheat and thousands of bales of cotton are sold daily in Wall street, not with any idea of delivery, but with a view to manipulation on margins. The transactions are simply a species of gambling, and the reported sales represent not actual transfers, but the dealing of the cards for a new game. All this is demoralizing and depressing, and the confusion it creates tends unnecessarily, to no concern, except in so far as their jugglery affects values or drives money into the vaults from sheer fright. They are engaged in a desperate game of chance and their losses or profits are matters which concern themselves alone.

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BEN'S NUGGET;

OR,

A BOY'S SEARCH FOR FORTUNE.

A STORY OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

(Copyright, January, 1882, by Horatio Alger, Jr.)

CHAPTER VI.

Bill Mosely was decidedly startled when the man whom he thought helpless sprang up so suddenly and approached him in a menacing manner. He rose precipitately from the rude seat on which he had settled himself comfortably, his face wearing an expression of alarm.

Richard Dewey paused and confronted him.

A frown was on his face, and he appeared very much in earnest in the question he next asked:

"Have you dared to ill-treat my servant, you scoundrel?" he demanded.

Richard Dewey paused and confronted him.

"I hear you stranger," said Mosely, with a faint tremor and bluster. "You better take care what you say to me, or I'll have you laid low."

"I'm not afraid," said Dewey, contemptuously.

This was not altogether satisfactory to Bill Mosely, though it expressed confidence in the truth of his statement.

"You haven't answered my question," continued Dewey.

"What have you done with my servant?" he demanded.

"Perhaps he wasn't your servant," said Bill Mosely.

"It was but one Chinaman in this neighborhood," said Richard Dewey, impatiently, "and he's my faithful servant. Did you tie him to a rock?"

"I didn't harm him," said Bill Mosely, hastily.

"I didn't beat him; I let him teach a lesson; that is all."

"And so you tied him to a tree, did you?"

"Yes."

"Then go back and release him instantly, or I will make sure the you did so, but my ankle is weak."

Richard Dewey turned and faced him again.

"Kl Sing is never impudent to any one," he retorted, with his eyes flashing with anger. "Tell me what you did with him, or I will tell you to the ground."

"I didn't harm him," said Bill Mosely.

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Richard Dewey turned and faced him again.

"Kl Sing is never impudent to any one," he retorted, with his eyes flashing with anger. "Tell me what you did with him, or I will tell you to the ground."

"I didn't harm him," said Bill Mosely.

"I didn't beat him; I let him teach a lesson; that is all."

"And so you tied him to a tree, did you?"

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